

## Carnival of heroes (One shots)

by Baloshua

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Summary: Heroes are the embodiment of justice and heroic deeds... but that doesn't mean that they always act like it. In truth, all of them are just like normal humans except that most of them had strange quirks that really don't fit their heroic figure. Like St. Martha, for example. That woman was weird. Inside are short entires of how heroes went about their daily lives.

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Desmond lifted his head, reaching out to the sleeping forms in front of him. His fingers got inches from them before he sighed and let his arm drop.

The personal guard of Aeetes (And dashinglly handsome hero on the side) sighed to himself and pinched the bridge of his nose. He was **\*\*absolutely \*\*hungry** right now! He wanted the entire group to go out on a little mini-hunt for some good, but there was a slight problem...

Number one and easily the one who made Desmond pause, was the green haired girl that was laying on top of Alex's lap. Even if she hadn't looked so unbelievably cute and comfortable cuddled so tightly against Alex, she'd probably would still fill him with arrows for waking her up in such a state.

Two, was that Alex himself looked more comfortable and peaceful than he had ever seen him. Normally Desmond wouldn't care whether he was sleeping or not, finding food was essential and a man has to eat even if he was a superhuman that could scale a building in a single leap.

All the more reason to find food.

Thirdly: Desmond was entirely someone who would go all gushy and goo-goo eyes over something cute... and the two of them holding each

other so closely as they slept, a red and black cloak wrapped around them, and Atalanta's half hidden face against Alex with a strand of loose hair was something that made Desmond's cuteness meter burst straight through the roof.

But the largest reason Desmond hadn't woken the sleeping pair up yet was actually not present at the moment... thankfully.

Meleager had been very insistent on not waking the two of their companions so early in the morning. Especially since the two of them were both up all night to keep watch. When Desmond tried to reach out and give them a forceful shake, Meleager had slapped his hand away and told him that if he ever woke up the two sleepers up he would find himself in a very comfortable position with a really long stick coming out of him.

So, with the irate prince out for a hunt to satisfy Desmond's hunger, he had to take this chance to wake Alex up. Why? More hands would simply bring more food. He could produce some, but he was strangely craving stags and boars that were actually found in the wild, not by some chakra he created.

And yet every time he tried to reach out and shake Alex up, he choked like a wuss.

Grumbling, Desmond gathered up all of his courage and reached out and took a hold of Alex's shoulder, shaking it a slightly as a test. "Hey... Wake up, Alex."

Surprise, surprise, he got the same result as before, making a small scowl of annoyance flicker across Desmond's face. He shook his friend's shoulder a little bit harder, raising his voice from the cautious whisper from before.

"Dude..." Desmond shook Alex. "Wake up. We're going for a little mini-hunt and Meleager left without you."

Desmond's hand shot back like a bullet when the girl in Alex's lap growled, and he watched with slight fear as she sighed and snuggled warmly back against Alex. When they went still again, he relaxed, and mentally chided himself. Was he honestly scared of a girl whom he loved deeply like a little sister?

...Who the hell was he kidding? He was absolutely terrified! The huntress Atalanta may not complain as much when he called her his younger sister, but she wouldn't hesitate to go on a rampage and hunt him down to commit vengeance! Alex may not mind since he's a total softie, but Atalanta was a totally different story!

But, he was still hungry...

Desmond sighed to himself and he tried to gather his courage again but also to control his annoyance at the situation. After a moment, he reached out once again. "Wake th-"

Desmond froze once again as Atalanta growled once again and stared as she grumbled something incoherent to herself. She moved underneath the cloak and made his eyes drift to the bottom of the blanket as Atalanta's boot shifted out from underneath.

The huntress' foot shifted around for a couple seconds, and when her foot jerked up, Desmond was not ready for it. Not even ninja like reflexes were able to save him from such a fast snap kick from a sleep walking girl. He only had time to raise his hands before he was kicked straight out of the tree they were perched on.

Once that was done, Atlanta smiled happily as she went and snuggled even closer to Alex, cooing like a baby girl as Alex 's hand returned the little hug the two of them were sharing.

Several seconds later, Desmond jumped back onto the branch without making a sound. He groaned softly as he sat down in front of them once again, knowing with his incredibly high IQ that trying to do the same thing again wasn't going to work. He placed his hands under his chin as he tried to think of new ways to wake them up that wouldn't result in him dying immediately.

He glanced down at Atlanta's exposed foot and blinked. Perhaps he could light her foot on fire with a small flame?

No... not a good idea.

Splash water on them? Not a good idea either.

He needed something that would wake them up without doing anything that would particularly get Atalanta angry at him. He stared at the small flecks of snow that still littered the ground from yesterday and his stomach growled.

"Man... It looks like salt. Salt, cheese, and bread. Just like Biaggis..." Desmond muttered to himself, thinking about the fancy restaurants that served one of the best bread (In his opinion) in the entire world. The way the oil went with the bread? Incredible.

Wait a minute...

Desmond snapped a finger. "Salt! That's brilliant!"

He closed his eyes and concentrated on his chakra to mold it into the object in his mind. After a couple of seconds, he found himself holding a small vial with holes at the top with a bunch of white flaky substances inside.

Smelling salt was quite the interesting thing. It's special use was how it can be used to quickly wake someone up by arousing consciousness. It's not harmful, so it'd be the best way to wake the two of them up without doing anything drastic.

He poured a little bit of salt into his hand and carefully waved it underneath Atalanta's nose. The huntress snorted as she inhaled the salt before she snapped her eyes open and sat straight up as she blew her nose against her arm.

"W-what in Hades?" Atalanta muttered to herself as she looked around before her eyes caught on Desmond. "D-desmond?"

"Sup." Desmond said as he quickly hid the salt in his robes. "I take it you had a nice sleep? You were holding Alex pretty tight."

Atalanta stared at him for a moment before her face erupted into the color of red as she realized that she had been sleeping far longer than she should have. "I-I didn't mean for that to happen! He just said to let him take over for a little while a-and I guess I must have slept longer than I should have..." She turned her face to the side, trying to hide her embarrassment.

"Hm." Desmond grinned, completely forgetting "I'll have to tell the other argonauts about this if I see them again. They'd sure love to know about how my sweet little sister has been sleeping with my best friend." He chuckled to himself, before he felt the temperature drop around him.

"I see..." Atalanta growled as she grabbed her bow from out of nowhere. All trace of embarrassment was still there except now there was a fresh source of anger along with it. "Then... I have to make sure that you don't talk!"

Desmond paled when he heard that. "W-wait!"

"Shut up!" Atalanta yelled as she notched two arrows into her bow. Desmond, seeing that this was not going how he planned, quickly darted from the branch. "Get back here, coward!" Atalanta called after as she followed behind him, launching arrows and destroying trees.

Back at the branch, Alex slowly opened his eyes and looked at the cloak that was still draped over him. Atalanta was gone from beside him and he simply assumed that she had gone out to go hunting with the rest of them.

He looked at the extinguished campfire and sighed.

"Well... Guess I should make some breakfast, then. Desmond would probably want some sandwiches or something like that. Guess I'll start with that."

And with that, Alex began making breakfast while being completely oblivious to the assassination attempt that was occurring between his two best friends.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Hey guys! I decided to release a one-shot about my OC's and the huntress Atalanta from my story: The Savior of Heroes.<strong>

\*\*I personally actually like Atalanta as a servant in the fate series even if she only appears in Fate/Apocrypha and Fate/Grand Order. She's one of the more overlooked female servants, so I wanted to make a little one-shot about her. \*\*

\*\*Plus, I wanted to add this part in my story, but I had a slight change in plans and couldn't do so. \*\*

\*\*Anyways, if you want to check out my story, just go to my profile and click on The Savior of Heroes. If there are anymore parts that I don't put in my original story, I may just go and put them in here so the rest of you can see them.\*\*

**\*\*Anyway, peace out! Thank you for reading  
this!\*\***

**\*\*-baloshua\*\***

End  
file.